



# Yesterday



32 26 27

## Chapter 1 by Christopher

The traveller knocked on the moonlit door.

## Chapter 2 by David Hooge



It creaked open almost immediately and a voice rang out, "Get out. We can't take any more of your kind."

## Chapter 3 by Johan



"My kind", the traveller replied in a calm voice, "exactly what kind would that be?"

## Chapter 4 by Cora Aquila



"Wanderers", the voice replied. "The kind that steal our food and spoil our milk."

## Chapter 5 by Catherine Ryan



"Ma'am, I can assure you that 'our kind' mean you no more harm than you do us. I only want food and rest. and then I will be gone at first day break." The Wanderer parried. The hostess

brought herself up to her fullest height.

"I will not break the law." Then she forced the hood of the Wanderer's cloak fluttered. A strange dark pattern weaving around on his shoulders.

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## Chapter 6 by Ian



Standing outside the bright red door Darren heard the locks thunk into place and the chain rattle into its brass slot. He sighed. When he signed to play for Wolverhampton Wanderers, he had no idea of the trouble it would cause. After all, with dazzling ball skills and a taste for bizarre hairstyles, professional football seemed to be the obvious career choice.

## Chapter 7 by intellikat



But now, Darren was hungry and cold, having fallen asleep in the clubhouse and missed the bus back that afternoon. He was alone in a strange town where the club had played an exhibition match (and lost), and he was beginning to worry about where he would be spending the night.

Darren rubbed his bald head where the fresh tattoo of the Wolverhampton Wolf still smarted. The night before, his teammates had shaved his luxurious locks of hair and had him permanently emblazon the club crest atop his now gleaming, naked head. Darren shuddered in the cool night air and turned from the large red door.

There, standing in the walk was a beautiful girl with chocolate complexion and ruby red lips. She wore a red cape and held a basket in one arm. A golden fixed gear bicycle was held in the other hand.

"Darren," she spoke. "Come with me to my grandma's house. You may stay there the night."

## Chapter 8 by Ian



They arrived at a sweet little cottage at the end of a dark farm track where they were met at the door by an extraordinary looking woman.

"Well I wasn't expecting you to look like that", said Darren with a typical footballer's lack of tact.

"What are you saying?", growled Granny in a surprisingly lupine voice.

"No offence, ma'am. But what big eyes you have", he mused.

"All the better to see you with", salivated Granny.

"Fair enough", said Darren.

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"All the better to hear you with"

"Ah; I didn't think of that", said Darren who didn't think of much most of the time. "But - and this really is my areas of expertise - what big balls you have"

"Hmm. You have me there. OK Riding Hood, I've been meaning to tell you this for some time and it looks like now is the moment "

"Yes Granny?"

"You see I'm really your Grandpa"

"Really? So who's Grandpa Brenda then?" Puzzled Riding Hood.

"You two are gonna be perfect for each other aren't you?"

The End

the end

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